



# THE LAST STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

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THE  
LAST STRIKE  
FOR LIBERTY.

A SEMI-POLITICAL SATIRE

On the Revolutionary Demands of the "Liberal"  
Foreign Element.

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33  
"There are who trust to casualty for all,  
And deem no ruler moves this earthly ball;  
With whom, as suns and changing seasons shine,  
'Tis Nature all, and not the power divine;  
These boldly in the Temple's precincts stand,  
And touch all altars with intrepid hand.

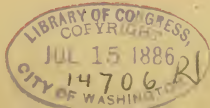
And are there not that mid dark poisons dwell,  
And blend the deadly bane they dearly sell?  
And yet how few of all the crimes are here  
Which daily meet the city prefect's ear."

—Juvenal.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

CINCINNATI, 1886.





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## — ❧ Preface. ❧ —

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**T**HE danger that threatens our country from the influx of an illiterate and immoral foreign population is no creation of poetic fancy. A Republic is the ideal form of government, but it cannot long flourish upon ignorance and corrupted morals. That element which would abrogate the Sabbath, displace the churches with Sunday theaters, beer gardens and concert

halls, and maintain a saloon on every corner of the street, is not the stuff of which great and prosperous nations are made. All countries where such an element has long been predominant have lost the high prerogative of self-government and sunk under despotic rule; and if such an element is allowed to secure the reins of power in the great Republic of the western world, it will require no prophet's eye to foresee the inglorious end.

I expect to be criticised for the severity of this satire, because among

the class it condemns are many of "our best citizens." It will be remembered that, at a certain meeting held in the Cincinnati Music Hall, something over two years ago, many of "our best citizens" were present and gave expression to sentiments which culminated in riot, bloodshed, and the most outrageous acts of vandalism that ever disgraced our country. These good men did not intend the destruction of life and property, but by their language and their action they encouraged depraved, irresponsible characters to deeds

of violence; and as the instigators of riot they should have been held equally responsible with the active perpetrators. So when men of influence and social standing advocate the desecration of the Sabbath and unrestricted license of the appetites and passions, they pander to the depraved tastes of the lowest element of human society, and deserve the same condemnation as the outcast, in whose case (for want of the restraining influence of social responsibility) like principles culminate in open crime. I have, therefore, no com-

punctions at placing wealth, learning, and respectability in the category with poverty, ignorance, and disgrace, when the former advocate the same pernicious principles which the latter love to exemplify.

While I write, news is brought that the "Squire" who aided the Sunday theaters of Cincinnati in their late contests with the Law and Order League, and did everything in his power to thwart the proper administration of the law, has been sent to the work-house by the Judge of the Police Court for assaulting a woman while he was in a

drunken condition. What a commentary on the principles of the so-called "liberal" German element! The man they have used as a tool to sit in judgment on other people, himself arrested and convicted of drunkenness and open violation of the very laws he was sworn to support! When a lawless element succeeds in placing law-breakers on the judicial bench and in other official positions, that they may there aid in balking the administration of justice, is language capable of uttering too severe a condemnation of the fla-

grant outrage against the honor of our country and the safety of its institutions?

The nation honors those vigorous, industrious Germans who come to America, respect the laws of the country, and avail themselves of the great opportunities it offers for the acquirement of a home, the comforts of life, and an honored position in society; but that other class of men who swarm from the shores of Europe, laden with political and social heresies, to take advantage of the freedom of our country for the purpose of



stirring up revolution and anarchy, should be taught that, if the laws of the United States are too Puritanic to suit their ideas, they must return to the effete despotisms from whence they came.


THE AUTHOR.



—THE—

## Last Strike for Liberty.

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O the far confines of the  
Western World,  
Long since, Columbia her  
flag unfurled;  
With Freedom blazoned on her  
starry shield,  
She guards the trophies won on  
Glory's field.  
No foreign despot e'er disputes her  
sway,

But crowns and thrones respectful  
homage pay.

Long o'er the land where Right  
spontaneous teems,  
The Bird of Liberty has basked in  
Splendor's beams;  
No storms appeared his wings  
could not defy;  
No vulture dared dispute the azure  
sky  
Against his righteous claim. His  
piercing eye  
Discerned the conduct of both low  
and high;

Saw every crime that outraged  
Freedom's law,  
And hurled offenders to the open  
maw  
Of Justice, till his lofty name was  
borne  
On Civilization's far-resounding  
horn  
To earth's remotest rim, and at its  
sound  
The oppressed arose and cast upon  
the ground  
The fetters that had bruised their  
weary bones,  
While despots looked and trem-  
bled on their thrones.

But, lo, what dark eclipse now  
veils the sun!

What ominous shades of dire disaster run

Across the land! Columbia, fair  
and proud,

The starry banner soon will be thy  
shroud!

Let Fame's proud bird now to his  
eyrie fly,

For fast the storm o'erspreads the  
darkening sky;

The Vulture of Oppression whets  
his beak,

Even now, with Freedom's blood  
his talons reek.

So say the scions of Teutonic  
race

Who in this glorious land have  
found a place,

Far better than their Fatherland  
allowed

To such as Fate cast in the com-  
mon crowd.

Though blest with rights in Ger-  
many unknown,

They say, "instead of bread  
they're given a stone."

Hark, how their guttural voice  
stentorian calls

For Liberty and Right from  
Turner Halls!<sup>1</sup>

To hear their frantic clamors, one  
might deem  
Our boasted freedom a delusive  
dream,  
And count our laws more arbitrary far  
Than king's decree, or edict of a  
czar.

Behold this poor, oppressed and  
injured band,  
What ills they suffer at the law's  
demand!  
Doomed by an evil star on every  
sod



To bow forever to some despot's  
rod,  
First under Kaiser William's rigorous law  
They felt the cords of royal tyrants draw;  
Count Bismarck's censors watched them every hour  
Lest they should e'er presume to scorn his power;  
Von Moltke's marshals hurried them away  
To serve the Kaiser without thanks or pay;<sup>2</sup>  
Yet they were free, for there no Sunday laws

Opposed their revels or Gambri-  
nus' cause.

Reared in a land where tyrants  
grind the poor,  
Where pride against ambition  
shuts the door,  
With groveling care the peasant  
plods along,  
Nor dares complain against tri-  
umphant wrong;  
For caste and social laws long  
since repressed  
The tamest hope that stirred his  
rugged breast.

There like a craven cur he licks  
the hand  
That rains oppression on his native  
land.

Such were our "liberal" citizens  
before  
Their feet had touched Columbia's  
magic shore.  
But, lo, how soon in boastful pomp  
they stand  
Transformed from cravens to a  
war-like band!  
Freed from their native tyrants'  
grasping claws,

They howl against our country's  
milder laws.

To find a land of liberty they  
come  
To strike for freedom, glory, and a  
home,  
Where hand in hand the highest  
virtues run,  
And men from every clime be-  
neath the sun  
In peace their various crafts and  
trades pursue,  
Unwatched, unhindered by a hire-  
ling crew

Commissioned under empires'  
    haughty sway,  
To see that subject-slaves their  
    lords obey,  
And yield a tribute from laborious  
    pain  
To nourish pampered Luxury's  
    royal train;  
Expend their strength for treasures  
    not their own,  
And waste their years to guard a  
    hateful throne.<sup>3</sup>

Fired by the spirit of progressive  
    pride,

In radiant hope they stem the  
ocean tide,  
To rear their homes where Free-  
dom's banner flies  
In the clear sunshine of Hesperian  
skies;  
Rejoicing to escape the obnoxious  
bands  
That Prussia's Medo-Persian law  
demands.

Alas! how soon their lofty dream  
expires!  
How rude Oppression shocks their  
high desires!

For scarce has Freedom's anthem  
stirred their souls

When o'er their heads a storm of  
terror rolls,

Presaging harsher bondage to their  
minds

Than ever lashed Bohemian or  
Bavarian hinds,

And sterner woes than e'er beyond  
the main

Befel the Pole, the Prussian, or the  
Dane.

The land they fondly hoped would  
aid their cause



Is doubly cursed with Puritanic  
    laws,  
That rasp their tender consciences,  
    and spread  
Cordons across the paths they love  
    to tread.  
Compelled an irksome day of rest  
    to bear,  
Which Christian lands devote to  
    praise and prayer,  
They curse the power that makes  
    them moral slaves;  
And wild each self-appointed  
    champion raves  
Against the state that frames a  
    civil code

Based on the primal laws of Nature's God.

And still they rave and louder  
make complaint  
At daily increase of the law's restraint,  
Because their new-found liberty  
does shrink  
Until its bounds "prescribe their  
meat and drink;"  
Soon civil power may rob them of  
the joys  
They have in snaring unprotected  
boys,

In leading girls into temptation's  
way,  
And making Innocence to Vice  
a prey;  
May even deny that cherished  
right so dear—  
The loud - mouthed Anarchist's  
unfailing cheer—  
To drink vile whisky to absorb  
their fear,  
Or drown their woes in kegs of  
lager beer.

So now, to give them freedom  
large and wide,

Let law be crushed and Justice  
stand aside;  
Let white-robed Peace once more  
her pinions try,<sup>4</sup>  
And soar to brighter realms be-  
yond the sky;  
In Danger's fitful shades let Virtue  
hide,  
And Honor grope in darkness by  
her side;  
Let rampant Crime its horrid vis-  
age rear,  
And hideous Vice in darker forms  
appear;  
Till homes and states in anarchy  
descend,

And hasten all to one inglorious  
end.

And you, descendants of a loftier  
line,

Whose sires the great pronuncio  
dared to sign;<sup>5</sup>

Who laid in blood the first founda-  
tion stone

On which might rise a state with-  
out a throne;

Will you resign the heritage of  
fame,

Come down adorned with many  
an honored name;

To bribes, intrigues, and prejudice  
a prey,  
Now tamely see your glory swept  
away?

What means the freedom asked by  
foreign slaves  
Who swarm in hordes across the  
Atlantic waves?  
What does it mean but liberty to  
scorn  
The virtuous laws that Christian  
states adorn,  
To feed the passions of a grovel-  
ing throng,

To pamper vice and school the  
world in wrong;  
Transform a stalwart race to vapid  
fools,  
And make the land a "place of  
bones and skulls,"  
Where drunken friends and maud-  
lin demons roam  
To sow the seeds of crime in every  
home.

See where in yonder cot a mother  
mourns  
The wayward son who never more  
returns



To cheer her age, acknowledge  
filial ties,  
Or own a thought responsive to  
her sighs.  
Unmindful of her tears and daily  
prayers,  
Unmoved by all her woes and all  
her cares,  
With cold ingratitude he spurns  
her claim,  
Nor knows or fears the measure of  
his shame.  
To that cursed den where dupes  
and villains meet,  
With low desires, he nightly turns  
his feet,

And drowns each thought that stirs  
the nobler sense

In the vile draughts that bloody  
hands dispense.

There thoughts obscene, in vulgar  
words expressed,

Inflame to crime each drunken  
idler's breast;

While fierce and horrid blasphemies  
arise

Against all righteous rule in earth  
or skies.

Why to the darkest breeding-place  
of crime

Resorts the youth whose life from  
childhood's time,  
Maternal love has watched with  
ceaseless care,  
Bedewed with tears and sanctified  
with prayer?  
Because the blood-stained vam-  
pires who purvey  
To vicious tastes, and on all virtue  
prey,  
Must still have power and freedom  
to surround  
The homes where peace and hap-  
piness abound,  
And with relentless avarice steal  
away

Respect, health, wealth, and honor  
day by day.

Observe that wild, beer-bloated  
ranting fool,  
Who, mixing drinks and placing  
balls for pool,  
Complains that fanatics oppress his  
trade,  
And with their laws his dignity  
degrade!  
Hear how for "personal liberty"  
he raves,  
And calls all Christians "tyrants,"  
"fools," and "knaves."

What awful majesty his form displays,

What injured innocence his face portrays,

As into muddled ears he pours his wrongs,

And tells what honor to his craft belongs.

How sad that puny moralists presume

The glory of his lofty aims to spume!

Six days of every week the laws allow

That he may tempt his victims to the slough;

Six days with fiery draughts from  
Satan's bowls

He snares in peace for unprotected  
souls;

Six days he robs the innocent of  
bread,

And heaps affliction on the orphan's  
head;

Incites to arson, rape, and every  
crime

That stains the bloody record of  
the time.

All this yet fails his malice to  
supply,

Or his insatiate greed to satisfy;

For him each principle of right  
must yield,

Each voice be hushed and every  
law repealed,

That calls for respite from his rule  
of crime,

For even a seventh part of fleeting  
time.

No legal hindrance day or night  
must lie

Upon the fiends that heaven and  
earth defy;

Week-day or Sabbath, none must  
interfere,

Or rise against the sottish reign  
of beer.

When Malice thus to Ignorance  
allied,  
Self-power their aim, and Folly  
for their guide,  
With revolution, rapine, blood, and  
fire,  
And all the friends of Anarchy  
conspire  
To hurl down Justice from his  
rightful throne,  
And raise a gory scepter of their  
own,



'Tis Freedom's cloak that hides  
their fell designs,  
And high upon their crimson banner  
shines  
The stolen emblem of heroic  
pride,  
Presumption's toy, but Wisdom's  
faithful guide,  
The guarded treasure of the noble  
free,  
The sacred badge of birthright  
"Liberty,"  
That magic word which every soul  
inspires,  
And thrills man's bosom with contagious  
fires,

Though Nature's hand his toilsome  
life sustains

With scanty fare on Iceland's  
dreary plains;

Or, lavish, showers her favors for  
his ease

Amid the verdant isles of tropic  
seas.

Such was the watchword of re-  
vengeful hate

When stricken France reeled on  
the verge of fate;<sup>6</sup>

When at the swift, unmerciful  
behest

Of tyrant powers disguised in  
Freedom's vest,  
The turbid waves of Seine's majestic flood  
Were tinged from day to day with  
guiltless blood,  
And many a victim of the dark  
Bastile,  
In terror's awful hour was made to  
feel  
That men who bold as Freedom's  
champions pose  
May be themselves its most relentless  
foes.  
Still from the scaffold in that day  
of fear,

From age to age, successive nations hear

The most intrepid child of France  
exclaim: <sup>7</sup>

“O Liberty, what crimes disgrace  
thy name!”

Then rise, ye champions of an honored state;

Preserve your country from impending fate;

Like honest patriots, spurn the guilty prize

Of party soil, that blinds the statesman's eyes.

The liberty that foreign outcasts  
claim  
Is tyranny to men of honest  
fame;  
In Freedom's guise they seek with  
brazen face  
For license to enslave a nobler  
race;  
The rights for which they clamor  
loud and long  
Are the base wishes of a lawless  
throng,  
Who only seek for freedom to  
despoil  
The just prosperity of honest  
toil;

To rob your sons of Honor's cherished name,  
And drag your daughters to the  
haunts of shame.<sup>8</sup>

When "liberal leagues" conspire  
to license crime,  
Let patriots mark the warning  
signs of time,  
And stand like heroes in the destined hour  
Till Justice spurns Presumption's  
claim to power.  
Teach foreign slaves, who to your  
borders come,

To leave Teutonic heresies at  
home;  
To know that famed Columbia  
still shall be  
The home of Right, the country of  
the free,  
The brightest mark on Glory's  
shining page,  
The greatest land of earth's sub-  
limest age;  
And all who share the blessings of  
her state  
Must own the righteous laws that  
make her great.

## NOTES.

### NOTE 1—Page 15.

*Turner Halls.*

Referring to the meeting-places of the “Leagues for Liberty and Right.”

### NOTE 2—Page 17.

*To serve the Kaiser without thanks or pay.*

All German troops are bound to obey, unconditionally, the orders of the Emperor, and are required to take the oath of allegiance accordingly. The sovereigns of the more important states of the confederation are allowed the nominal privilege of appointing some of the lowest officers in the army, but even these appointments are subject to the imperial approval; consequently the individual states, kingdoms, and principalities have practically no control over their own troops, and the soldiers are not answerable to, or protected by, their own home government, but solely under the arbitrary rule of the Emperor of Prussia.



## NOTE 3—Page 21.

*And waste their years to guard a hateful throne.*

Every German is obliged to serve seven years in the standing army, the period of life required by the government being from the end of the twentieth to the beginning of the twenty-eighth year of the citizen's age. Three years he must spend in active service, and four in the reserve; after this he must form a part of the landwehr for five years more, making altogether twelve years of military service.

## NOTE 4—Page 27.

*Let white-robed Peace once more her pinions try.*

"When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again."

—Campbell.

## NOTE 5—Page 28.

*Whose sires the great pronuncio dared to sign.*

The Declaration of Independence. The critics may object to the coinage of the word *pronuncio*, but it is less labored than *pronunciamento*, and is probably as well sustained by etymology.

## NOTE 6—Page 40.

*When stricken France reeled on the verge of fate.*

The Reign of Terror.

## NOTE 7—Page 42.

*The most intrepid child of France, etc.*

Madame Roland. Guillotined under the bloody regime of Robespierre and the Revolutionary Tribunal, she died exclaiming from the scaffold: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

## NOTE 8—Page 44.

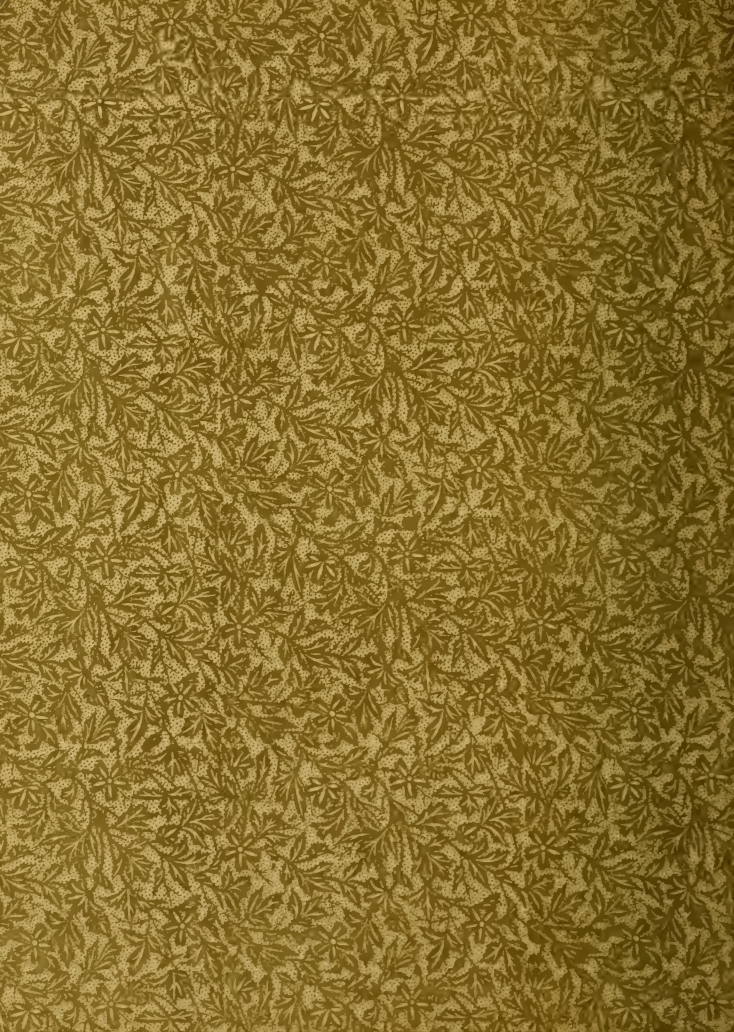
*To rob your sons of Honor's cherished name,  
And drag your daughters to the haunts of shame.*

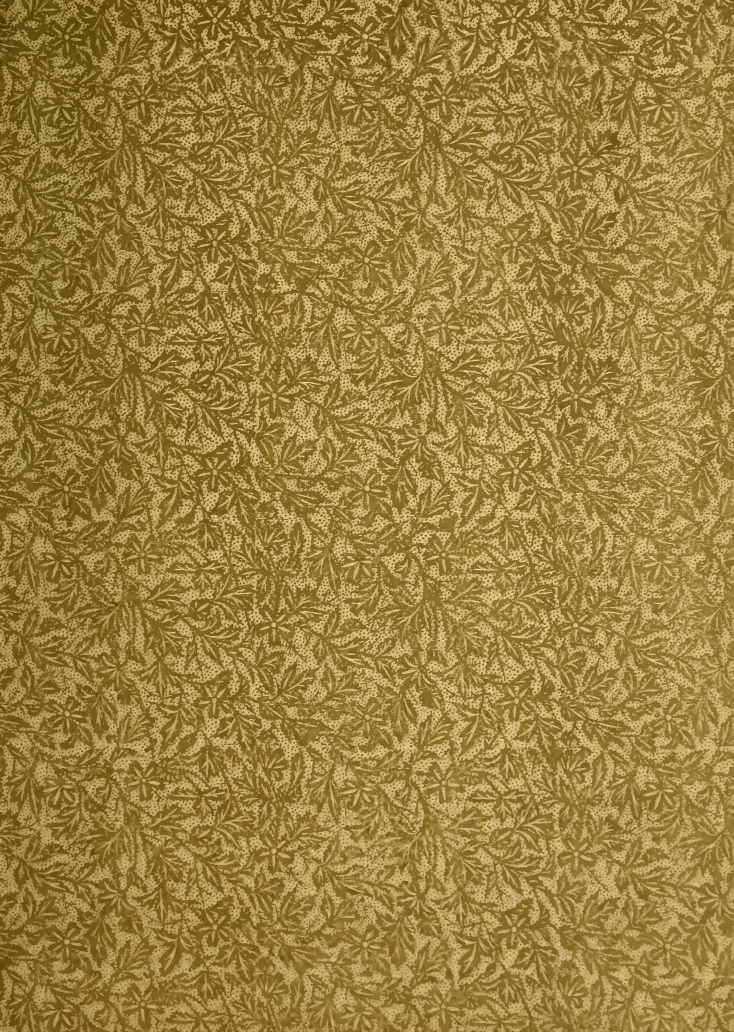
Any charge of loose morals against the German population is looked upon with distrust by a large class of people; yet statistics show that in Germany, either taken alone or in connection with Austria (which is largely inhabited by Germans, and formed a part of the confederation until 1866), the percentage of illegitimate births is greater than in any other important country in Europe—the comparatively small kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal being the only states that equal it in this respect.













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